

The Virtual Arts and Life Magazine

reZ

february 2021



Blue
Boccaccio
Super Gecko
Mindes
Caldwell
Juliesse
Guyot
Mimistrobell
Wildmist

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About the Cover: A portrait of Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart by Austrian artist Barbara Krafft graces our cover this month in recognition of Lynn Mimistrobell's Sunday evening classical salons. She recently honored the maestro's great clarinet concerto and taught us a lot in the bargain.



“You have not experienced
Shakespeare until you've read
it in the original Klingon.”

Chancellor Gorkon (David Warner)

AFTER LOUNGE



AFTER DARK

— LOUNGE —

on Idle Rogue

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facebook.com/AfterDarkSL



F
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Tonight's Theme:

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with
DJ Gray
and Jami

N
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Howelsen
75, 234, 1545

8-10pm SLT

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THE SHEWORTHY PUB

♪•:*"♥"*:•♪ Welcome everyone to the Sheworthy Pub, where friends
and music come together for fun and an escape from your first and
second lives. ♪•:*"♥"*:•♪

<http://maps.secondlife.com/secondlife/Dethly%20Island/226/3/3537>

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart Clarinet Concerto



Con

t
in A Major



mpiled by Lynn Mimiostrobell

Let's start with Anton Stadler.

Mozart tells us that he wrote the concerto for this great virtuoso clarinet player, a close friend, a fellow Mason (although a member of a different lodge), and on numerous occasions, a spirited gambling companion. Mozart enjoyed Stadler's friendship and admired his talent, easily accepting that the latter was infinitely more generous and reliable than the former. The musical skill was evidently prodigious: "One would never have thought," wrote a critic in 1785, "that a clarinet could imitate the human voice to such perfection."

But Sophie Haibel, Mozart's sister-in-law, remembered Stadler as one of the composer's "false friends, secret bloodsuckers, and worthless persons who served only to amuse him at the table and intercourse with whom injured his reputation." Perhaps she had learned from Constanze of the 500 gulden Mozart lent Stadler, a hefty sum that was still unpaid when officials tallied the composer's estate.

Stadler's true debt to Mozart is one clarinetists still owe him today: pages upon pages of music as precious as any in the repertory. It's likely that Mozart first heard Stadler play in March 1784, in a performance of his B-flat wind serenade. The Clarinet Trio, written two years later and supposedly finished

in a bowling alley on one of the many occasions when Mozart couldn't separate music from life, may have been composed with Stadler in mind. By 1789, the year of the magnificent quintet for clarinet and strings, virtually every note Mozart wrote for the instrument, including the added clarinet parts for the great G minor symphony, was written for Stadler.

Sometime in the last two months of his life, Mozart began his concerto for Stadler. But here is where the fun begins.

Mozart's original manuscript is lost, the published version was actually not published until 1801, ten years after his death.

This is the version usually heard today, for a standard clarinet....

HOWEVER....

We know from a critical analysis of the work written at the time, that the published version was re-arranged to fit a standard clarinet, but the original work was written for an experimental instrument that Stadler often used, a



basset clarinet. The basset clarinet had an extended range a third lower than the standard clarinet - but by the time the clarinet concerto was published, Stadler's basset clarinet had gone out of favor, and the concerto was printed in a version rewritten for the narrower range of the standard clarinet.

Over the past fifty years, a number of musicians have attempted to reconstruct Mozart's original version for basset clarinet.



The differences aren't extensive — just 53 of the first movement's 359 measures are in any way affected—and mostly involve simply transposing a particular passage from one octave to another.

Sometimes the shape of a line is changed entirely, as the basset clarinet carries a phrase down to its natural conclusion, where the traditional version must circle back up.

We also have, however, a fragment, 199 measures long and written entirely in Mozart's hand, of a concerto in G for basset horn (another ancient member of the clarinet family) that nearly duplicates more than half of the

first movement of the clarinet concerto.

In any case, this is still one of Mozart's premiere works. Although he wrote in almost every type of music, Mozart's best works were his operas and concertos. He seems to understand the character of his soloist and write to the heart of that soloist. Here, he understands the different voices of the clarinet (Basset or standard) and writes to the soul of the instrument.

Like his later piano concertos, the clarinet concerto is one of the earliest in the repertoire, but many will insist with good reason, they are also the finest in the repertoire.

The concerto is one of Mozart's most personal creations; like the final piano concerto, it's as intimate and conversational as chamber music, rather than grand and dramatic. We can't blame historians—or playwrights for that matter—for suggesting Mozart knew his time was running out, for the music implies as much. The slow movement carries an almost unnatural burden of sadness on its simple phrases. Of the two outer movements, with their endless, natural lyricism, no words are more apt than those H. C. Robbins Landon remembered from Shakespeare: "The heart dances, but not for joy."

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Scene From a Family Celebration

Jullianna Juliesse

oration

The “N” word was tossed about freely,
Over cheese, crackers, and wine at a birthday party.
It floated over the gleaming black granite kitchen island,
Settled over the crowd, a noxious cloud.
The laughter of hate echoed off the ceramic floors,
Amidst the toxic clatter and clinking of pale crystal glasses.

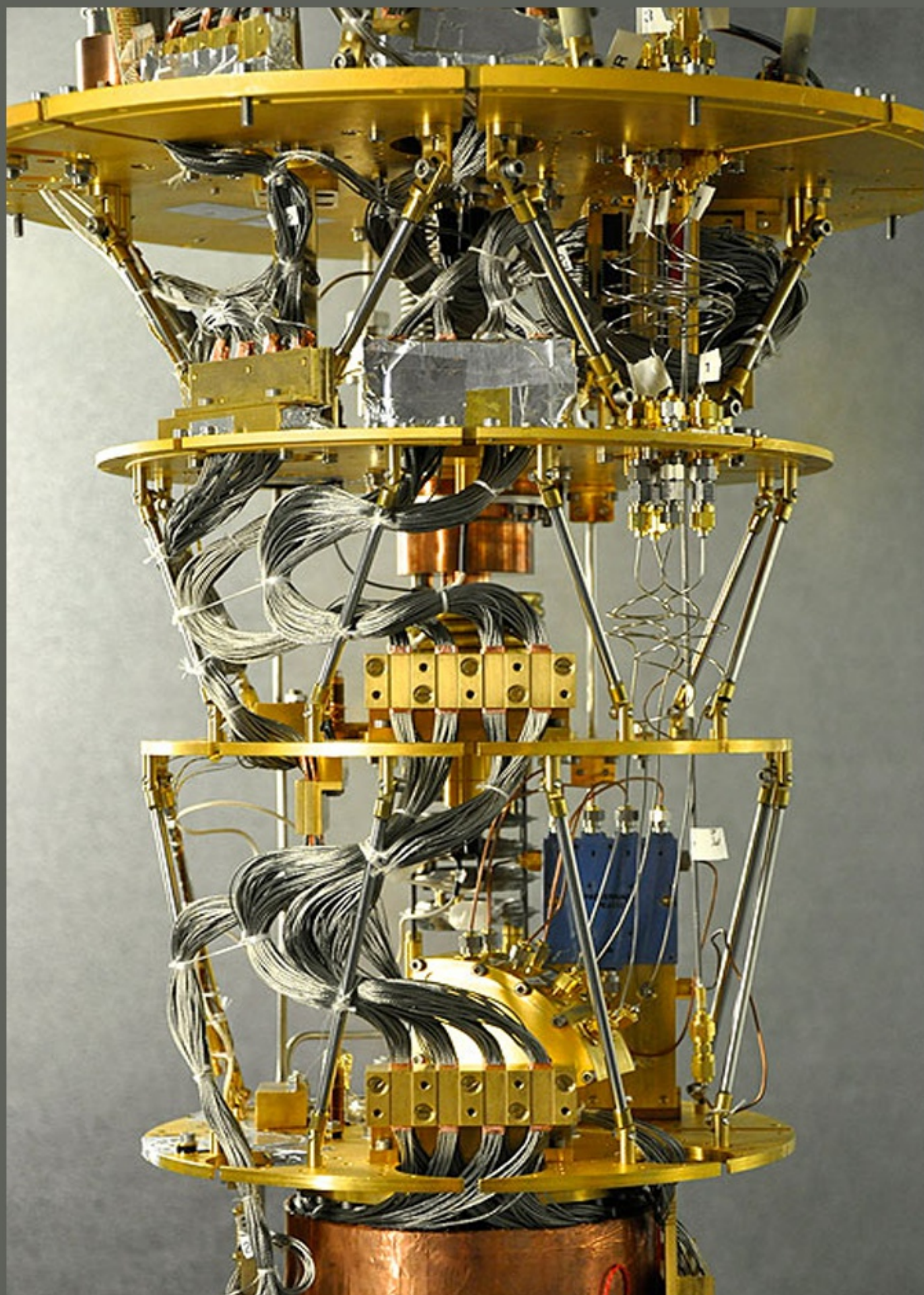
I try to understand
the differences that divided me
from my family,
Because of politics and race.
We horde of Irish, Hungarian, Italian immigrant stock,
Elevated and smug, after just a couple of generations.
Fearing the other, just as our lot was vilified.
Now, you loathe the Syrians, Mexicans, and Somalis in retribution.

I kept quiet for years to keep some fragile peace.
Secretly, I raged against those things I heard.
Lost those I loved once I did not —
And watched the implosion with awful grief and guilty glee.





photography
jami mills



Shredded Freebie

art blue

“Lying, the telling of beautiful untrue things, is the proper aim of Art.” A word from *The Decay of Lying* by Oscar Wilde. In his dialog between Cyril and Vivian he calls this observation the final revelation, a word over 100 years old.

Nowhere else the beauty of lies is truer than in virtual worlds. Fictional characters are created just for fun, works from famous artists are uploaded, cut and stretched so they fit in to a frame that comes as a Freebie. Freebie is a word found by Google in over 51 million websites, but the content, the meaning, if there ever was one, changes depending on where you find it, the Freebie. Wikipedia does not have an entry on it and links to “Product sample.”

Is a work of Picasso a Freebie? Of course not. It is a product sample.

“If you join my group you get a Picasso for free. Joining is free.” You join, you get the Picasso. You are happy. You feel that something must be wrong, but did Picasso not also move a light bulb in the dark and called this an artwork? Ich und ich und ich [I and I and I and I] was the title of a grand showing of Picasso at Museum Ludwig in Cologne 2011. You don’t care of Old Masters, you stick to social dynamics, right?

“Join the group Covfefe Art and you

get a tweet from the real Trump. It comes with an invite to the Grand Opening of the Trump Museum. Joining is free.” You are reading correctly. You will receive an invite, but what about the fact that the Trump Museum was opened by #virtualTrump on January, 21, 2021? He calls himself now ex-real Trump. Check it out. The tweet went viral. #viralviralviral retweeted it. It looks like ex-real Trump has dedicated his new life to the arts. Smart doing. He used the Display Name technology that was invented about 10 years ago by Linden Lab so residents can change roles more easily.



Donald J. Trump

@realDonaldTrump

Despite the constant negative press co

RETWEETS

78,355

LIKES

97,585



5:06 AM - 31 May 2017

TWITTER / DONALD TRUMP



20 years of

WIKIPEDIA

OVER ONE BILLION EDITS



List of Egypt

From Wikipedia, the free e



work, toil (kʻt) burden (ʻdp) carry o

Now you find it everywhere. Will nearly 70 million followers go with the biggest movement in the history of the arts? Covfefe no longer a glitch? The long missing link that fake news is the proper aim of Art? Fact is that the creation of the word stays no longer a mystery. In the Trump Museum we see that Wahtye, the High Priest of Pharaoh Neferirkare Kakai, gives Trump a Holy bread and says in Egyptian “kʻt ʻdp fʃj.” No wonder the President created a word when hearing the sound of *Work, Burden and Haul*.

Was he seeking in his most famous

tweet of 2017 coverage from ancient times so Covfefe might stay forever as a new form of art? He must have felt so when he got the Housel that was kept for him in a safe and sacred place since the year 2400 BC. Supportive words by the White House Press Secretary Sean Spicer have been stated, “I think the president and a small group of people know exactly what he meant.” We don’t know whether or not what you get by joining Covfefe Art is a Freebie since the real account of Trump was permanently suspended by Twitter. Maybe it became a trademark infliction?

Following

Covfefe

#viralviralviral

MARKET ALERT!
A drop in value
85K to 15K

Domain Cabal Market

COVFEFE.COM IS FOR SALE

Your Name

E-mail Address

Minimum Offer \$15,000

MAKE AN OFFER

ptian hieroglyphs

encyclopedia

r haul (fʃj)

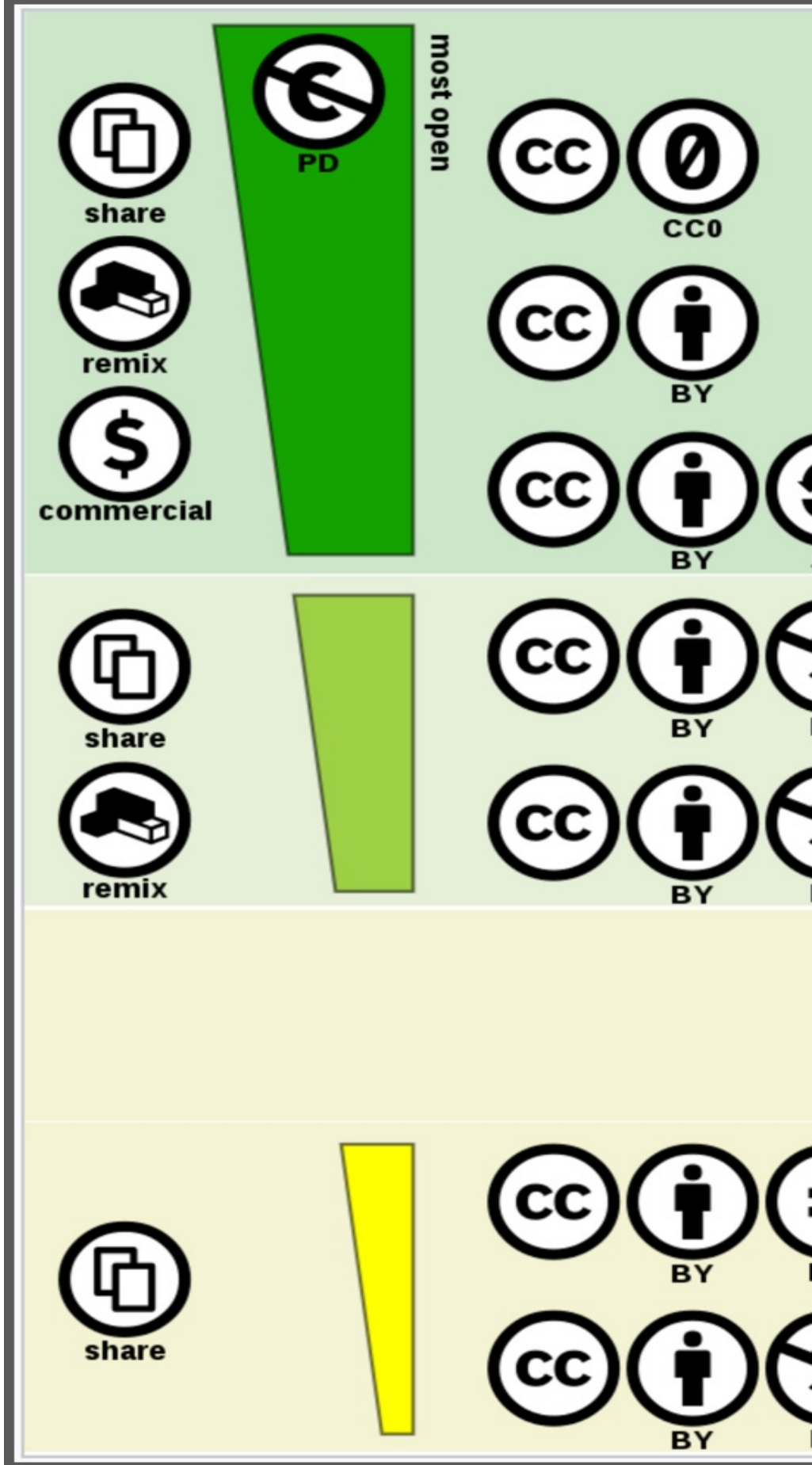
Covfefe Art, a tweet that went viral, shows the symbol of a real Coffee bean. Coffee in old Egypt? Sadly, as the President is no longer president, the sales price for Covfefe.com dropped from a peak of 85,000 USD to now 15,000 USD. Dot markets never noticed such a downfall is such a short time, but you know some true pieces of art need just more time. Look what happened to paintings by Vincent van Gogh. Truly not a good example you say. We all know what happened to van Gogh.

Let us stay on the safe side. We take the Picasso and spare the President.

You got your Freebie and you place the Picasso in your living room. A friend finds it pleasing and asks for a

copy. You check the properties and as a good Freebie, you expect that it is full perm: copy, mod, trans. We are in a virtual world, but the Picasso is not transferable. You shake head, a head that comes also as a Freebie, so with the Freebie you say to your friend, “Sorry, it is no trans, but I got it as a Freebie.” Depending on your expertise, you hack the Freebie and proudly you hand it over, “Here it comes, your Picasso.” But hacking is not allowed; we know it. A hack on a Freebie? Is this a crime? Come on, you just restore what it means to be a Freebie. If you ask people in virtual worlds, they mostly will assume the stuff they got as a Freebie falls in the public domain, in terms of Creative Commons visualised as a struck-out C.

If the group where you got the Picasso is still active, you might say, “I sadly can’t hand you over a copy. Just join the group Solar Clips and then leave Solar Clips the next minute when you’ve gotten the Picasso.” Usually no problem, but your friend runs in this virtual world without payment information given, meaning it is a free account, so being limited on groups the response of your friend might be, “I have no free groups. I would need to leave one to join Solar Clips, even if it is for just a minute.” On top of that, other reasons might hinder you from joining the group. The group might be no longer free to join or is no longer



offering the Picasso as a gift. The hack, if you are not used to it and no one is around to do the nasty work for you, takes time. Your friend is waiting. Waiting is never good in a virtual world. Time runs fast if one is bored. Why not go for the fast track? It is just a picture, right? By pressing the ESC-key you take a screenshot in first person view or whatever the HUD, the

CREATIVE COMMONS LICENCES IN AMERIKA.ART

DEFAULT FOR THE
ARTIST'S WORK.



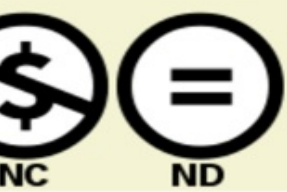
DEFAULT FOR
BACKUP.



CC-BY-ND



CC-BY-NC-ND



Human User Interface, is called that makes shooting easy. This way you take a screenshot from the Freebie, the Picasso you know, a full headshot in sunset. This screenshot will be indistinguishable from the original work. Just go on High-Rez, that's 6144 pixels, more than 4K. You will have a nice Freebie hanging on the wall. "But I need it framed," your friend says, "else the Picasso lacks on depth."

That's when you smile, "I have the frame full perm, just put the picture in and you have the original." Both are happy.

Picasso 2.0

Now you are the other you, the one who got the Picasso from the friend and you framed it. That's quite a time ago when you were a noob. That's another term that is used a million times when you have no better excuse, when you play dumb. This stage you have left behind. You have many works of art around, you have space, you have people working for you. They work for free or for a fiver. You have followers. You know what followers need. A reward. One that hits into reality. Time for party. The cool guys, the hot girls, all who follow you have a tag. Manager, Curator, Evangelista and there is the top of the line tag, Liaison Officer SA. Everyone is asking, "What is SA?" You don't know the Secret Service of the Vatican, Santa Alleanza? Now you know. Having a cross and a sword on the shirt and a logo "Cum cruce et Gladio, est. 1556," sounds much better than doorman. DJ Quaturopider is playing free sound. SIA *Unstoppable* fills the air. You say that is not free sound? Your mind seems to be boxed in Good-old-Germany or some European countries where they still think that the law is local. DJ

Quaturospider says, "I take the sound from YouTube and stream it in." He is 15, just for the registration he entered the age that is needed. Why you shall kill his dream? Would you feel better if this guy uses an IP changer and then it looks for everyone he streams from Ghana? Questions raise. Does he really stream in to the virtual world from a server in Europe when he is living in Germany? Most stream providers are not located there. Surely he uses a cheap server, one he can afford by the tips he gets for playing the great tunes. So I decide to let DJ Quaturospider slip through my nasty legal fingers. I will focus on the Picasso. I am a curator and care for visual art.

The party runs great. You are asked if you are selling the work hanging, the Picasso you prominently placed on the wall as a masterpiece. You hesitate, it was a Freebie. Surely you needed to cut and frame it. It took you time. You hear a whisper, "I have money, if I can get it trans for a friend." You know how the story goes on. It would be a story with many branches. You could set the Picasso to "Buy for Zero" but you have now payment info on file so at the end of the month you will get money out of the system to your PayPal. You go the greedy way. You set the Picasso on 5 rezAcoin, or however the virtual currency in this world is named. A rezAcoin would be a very small portion of a dollar so

dealing with tiny amounts works. Every minute you hear a "Ping." Another payment made its way. You make money out of a Freebie. Yeah! You got the tunes, you got the Groove! You are a fast learner. No longer you go with a Freebie head. You have a mesh body.

You open a gallery. No longer do you contract the unknown DJ Quaturospider, you go for VJ Quantum who plays techno-minimal like Boris Brejcha. You join a Rank Me High seminar and learn how to create ALTs as a second identity and how to control them via a bot software. Your ALTs go now into the dozens. You install an NPC kit so never ever does a person have to dance alone. You add a greeter based on the Eugene Goostman chat bot so a visitor who comes for the first time does not notice if they are talking to a real person, an ALT, or a Non Playing Character. As a consequence, your gallery makes record breaking traffic and is listed at Top Places. You sell AD-slots. Now you are able to invest. You contract for a Grand Opening Substance-D. Her rates are crazy, but it is good invested money. She was the first DJ using synthetic voices in her show addressing the artist, reflecting on the works shown. Substance-D is a shape shifter, can go even queer. Her name is program. Not to top is her great intro, the one by Dieselboy. Woodstock 4.0 at its finest,

if Industry 4.0 rings a bell.

In case you never experienced Substance-D then I am really sorry. That is a part of the intro: “Hello, user. This is a heavy dose of hard-hitting, maximum strength Substance-D. Substance-D is an extended-release audio pharmaceutical product that acts quickly to stimulate both the central and peripheral nervous systems. You may begin to feel anxious or excited as you perceive the effects of Substance-D. This is a normal response. Substance-D provides an intense experience for the user...”

Stroboscopic light beams shoot into the sky so you think you are in Terralysium with Commander Michael Burnham. Your guests move to the tunes and get visuals projected on curved surfaces that some may remind on 2-D screens at a time when the good old Winamp visualizer was in vogue. With the Advanced Visualization Studio by Justin Frankel, the visuals are now, thanks to Experience, connected to their bodies. The dance partners of your ALTs use a machine so their moves are perfectly in sync to their body. They are indistinguishable from real visitors. That’s why your gallery looks always crowded and when you have an event a message “Region full” comes up. That not all effects happen in one and the same world, that Substance-D might be Art

Blue and the next time Alternate Chaos, you don’t mind. That Glyph Graves tunnels between real and virtual controls so one never knows what is real and what not, you have seen in Amerika Art. Amerika is a virtual space, a Biennale and also a real space, a village in Germany going by the name Amerika. Why know what is here and what is there or what is there and what is here? The name of your Gallery, “The Sky is the Limit,” is a mission. An escalator brings straw people to a height of 4,000 meter, an idea you stole from Art around the straw. You steal all ideas. You have the biggest art shopping mall in the virtual universe. You call it enrichment.

Justice 2.0

What will you say when you stand in front of the court to fight for your rights? The rights for a Freebie? Reading back, you surely see that none of the Managers, Curators, Evangelistas, or Liaison Officers of Santa Alleanza will show up and say, “The Picasso and all the other art was given as a Freebie and you could find them at these times everywhere.” The Digital Age was just at its beginning, the Digital Anthropocene slowly found its domain. You created an outstanding environment at The Sky is the Limit; shoppers have been happy. You framed the pieces of art, illuminated them, you

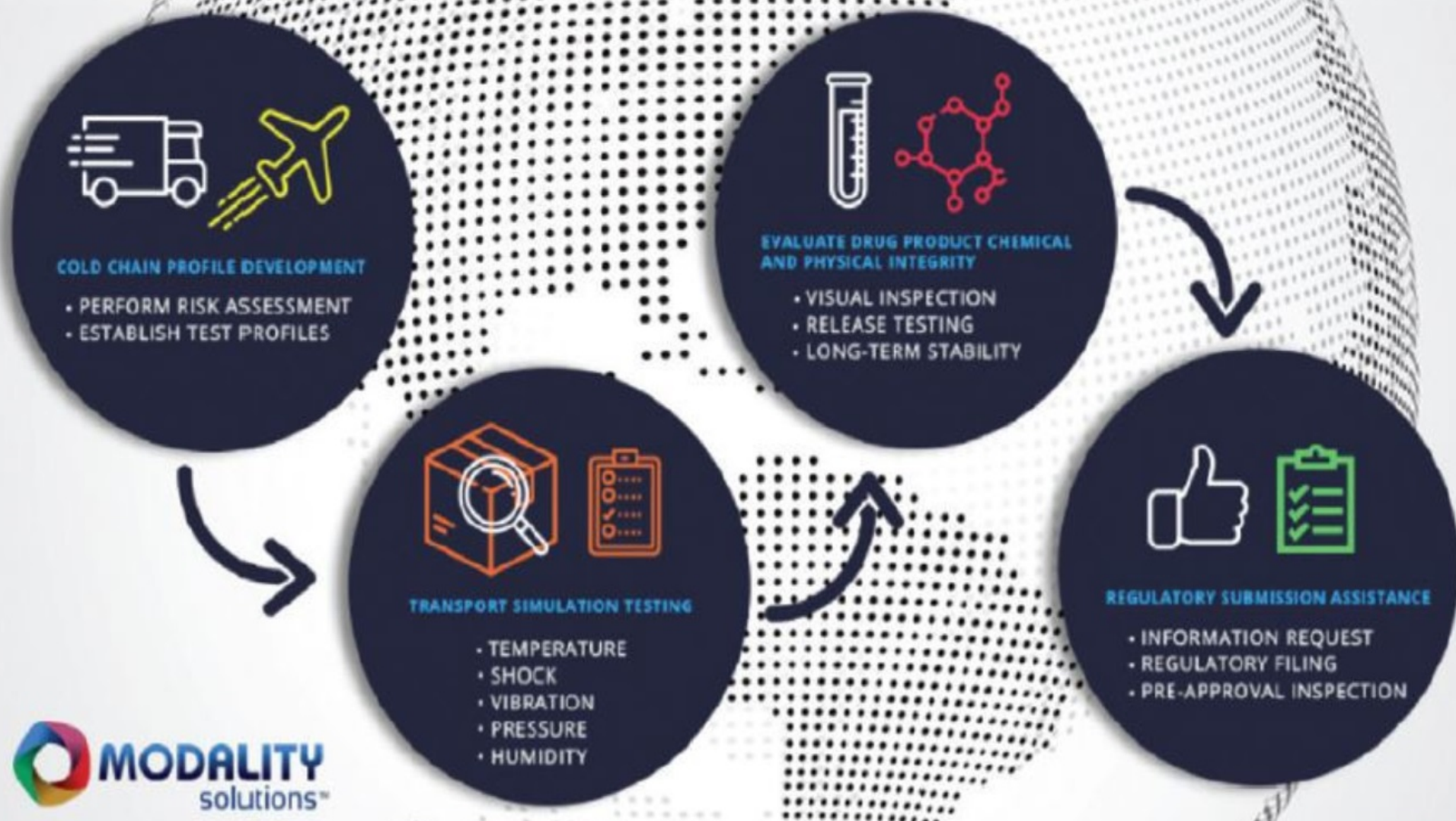
called the greatest particle performers, you had Substance-D painting in the sky to the tunes of Dieselboy. It was such a fun time. The judge will still have questions. “Present the Picasso and all the other pieces you said you got in good trust, name the creator who you want to countersue. That the works have been once in the cloud and you say that are now gone does not help to exculpate you.”

You cry, “It’s all gone, I could no longer pay the rent, but I swear it was there, at AWS.” Amazon Web Services is a nice thing, but not for you. Your provider has no longer real hardware, no longer you can claim a backup. You cry and call for your mother, “They shredded it all. Here I have the press note. All hard proof gone. I should have heard what Art said: Keep a printed copy.” The reason is simple. It would cost a lot to keep data the old way as we learned at school, “How to backup data. How to conserve history.” AWS runs on cost per data. Less data, less costs. As a last resort, you say, “I have a blog where the reflection cube technique is shown much earlier. Art Blue gave me this as a Freebie I worked with it and I put the Picasso on the surfaces with advanced light. Art said, he has set all his creations on MIT/opensource. The Picasso I got, and I remember this truly, was also a Freebie when I joined the group Solar Clips.” A blog has a date, right? Sorry,

the data on a blog you can set as you like, even edit it later. Art in virtual worlds is fluid. Today a show, tomorrow the next, the old one already forgotten, overwritten by a new artist.

The story of the Picasso has many branches and some to follow might be fun to read, like the one when Bdot Blue travels with the digital archive of art to bring the treasures to Mars, to rescue it from the approaching Vogon construction fleet. All to read in Bdot Blue’s, *The Brain of Art*, *The New Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy*, a winner of the 2019 National Novel Writing Month. A word by Douglas Adams shows prominently the mission: “People of Earth, your attention please,” a voice said, and it was wonderful. Fans of Douglas Adams know that these words are spoken minutes before Earth is taken down, when Earth has to make room for a Hypergrid Highband Highway. We learn also in this breathtaking novel that the conservation of art is not easy, to document the truth, to show future generations what was there before, to make the true creators known and to keep them known over time. But hardship is not what shall stop us. We are here to make an impact on mankind, to work for the beauty of art, right?

COLD CHAIN ENGINEERING



The Tomb

There is a fitting word for conservation. The tomb. The word has many layers. It translates as a backup of the body and the mind. In ancient times, it opened a door to the infinite. It was the time where life had three states. Life, Afterlife, and The Life Between Lives. We are about to forget this in the Digital Age. The Life Between Lives was in old Egypt as real as the other two states are. It is shown in different ways. Most common are the symbol of a door, the passage, the barge. Time to get to a closure. Wahtye did exist. Wahtye gives us all he knew for free. The way he lived 4400 years ago, the way he worked, the way he served under Pharaoh Neferirkare Kakai and the way he is conserved. His body is so well preserved that we even know about what disease he suffered from. But most inspiring are his words, words he told the builders of the tomb to engrave in stone: "Wahtye, Purified priest to the King, Overseer of the Divine Estate, overseer of the Sacred Boat, Revered with the great God, Wahtye."

That's truly a message you understand instantly. He speaks of himself as the Man-In-The-Middle. He altered the passage to the Afterlife. He tricked one of the 42 judges, the one who checks for his soul weight. You did not get it this way? Then watch a 120-minute

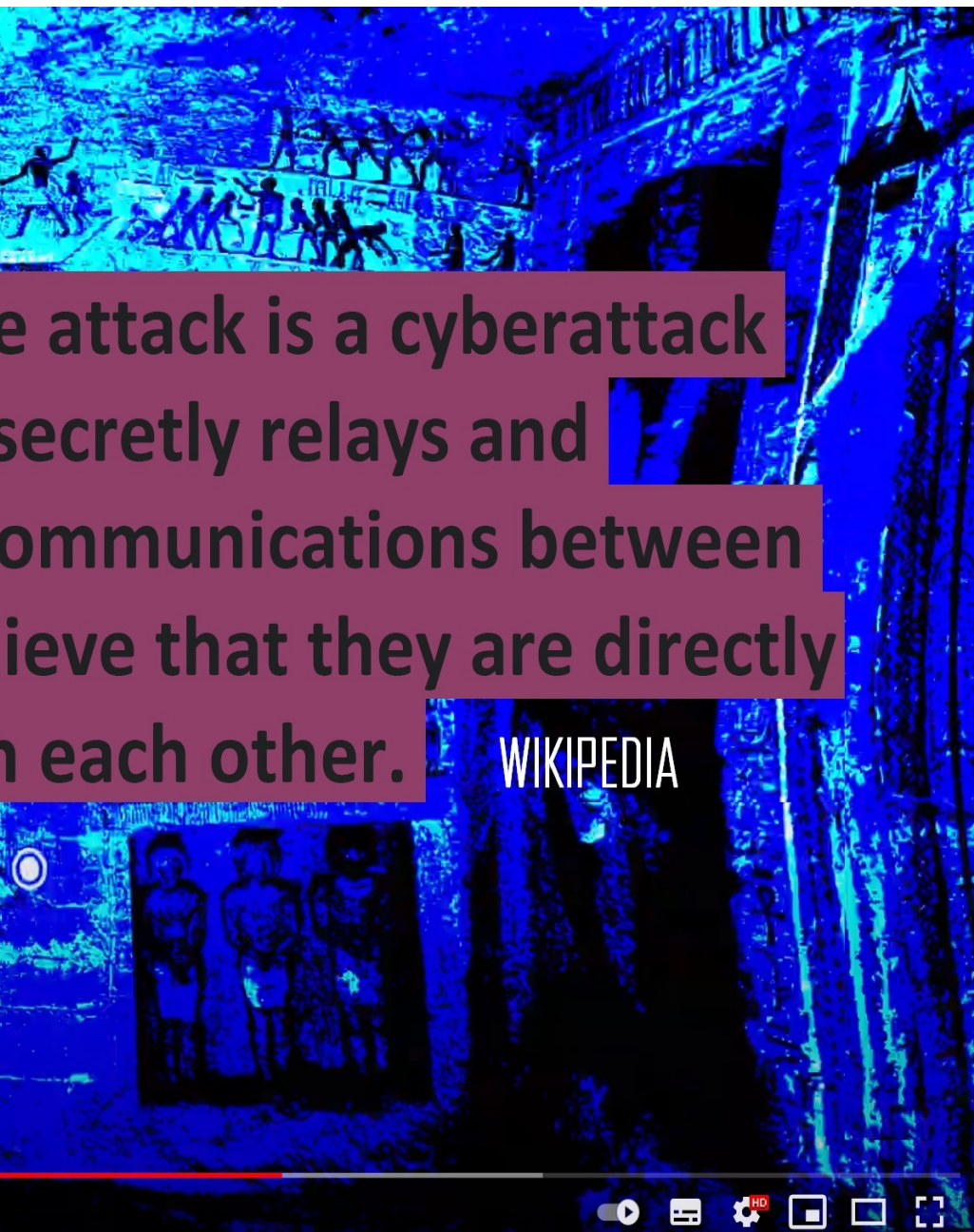
long documentary about Wahtye, that Netflix produced in October 2020. I just translated the message for the year 21st century. Wahtye knew that the world is not digital; he brings us back the knowledge of three states. His tomb was excavated in 2018 in the Saqqara necropolis. Saqqara is the



oldest complete stone building complex known in history. There you find the Pyramid of Djoser. I said I will put his message into digital times. For this I call one of the pioneers of computing.

Prof. Nikolay Brusentsov, developer of SETUN, a computer that was manufactured in the 60s in Russia at a time where Spassky and Fischer, two of the most brilliant minds, fought for glory in chess and Sputnik challenged the United States. After the successful landing on the Moon, binary

and T. Brusentsov published in 1994 in Origins of informatics some sad words about the lost past: “The third value (Aristotle named it *snmbebhkoV* – attendant) what is very actual but hidden in binary logic, will become obvious and direct manipulated. Ternary logic has better accordance with the Nature and human informal thinking.” I think Greta Thunberg would like his thoughts.



Prof. Nikolay Brusentsov died in 2014 at the age of 89. He was lucky to experience that NASA is operating in their Quantum Artificial Intelligence Laboratory (QuAIL) a machine that follows Aristotle. We cannot attend the unknown that makes the machine work, but I will show you the support structure for the installation of the original D-Wave Vesuvius processor installed in 2013, which is cooled down to cryogenic temperatures.

Cooling is another way to delay a natural destruction, to conserve something the United Nations say that it should be a Freebie, the vaccine you know, for everyone wanting it, the Freebie, but this would be another story.

computing set a path for the future. The Silicon Valley was born, the Digital Age set its footprint.

The Russian SETUN was a computer based on a three-state logic, called also ternary logic, supporting the stated 0, 1

• r — e — z •



Dou

You know you never get anywhere
Wrapped up in words inside of words inside your head
You try to reason but they just don't care
Too many ways to force the argument instead
And there ain't no call from lost and found
No happy endings in this town
Better cover all your bets and head for higher ground
When the big boys double down

And you never know what is what
Cause it's all opinions of opinions of the news
And you're looking for if and and and but
Cause what you want is seldom what you really choose
And you find that you're on shaky ground
When war's the only game in town
Uneasy lies the head that doesn't wear a crown
When the big boys double down

Double Down

By Zymony Guyot

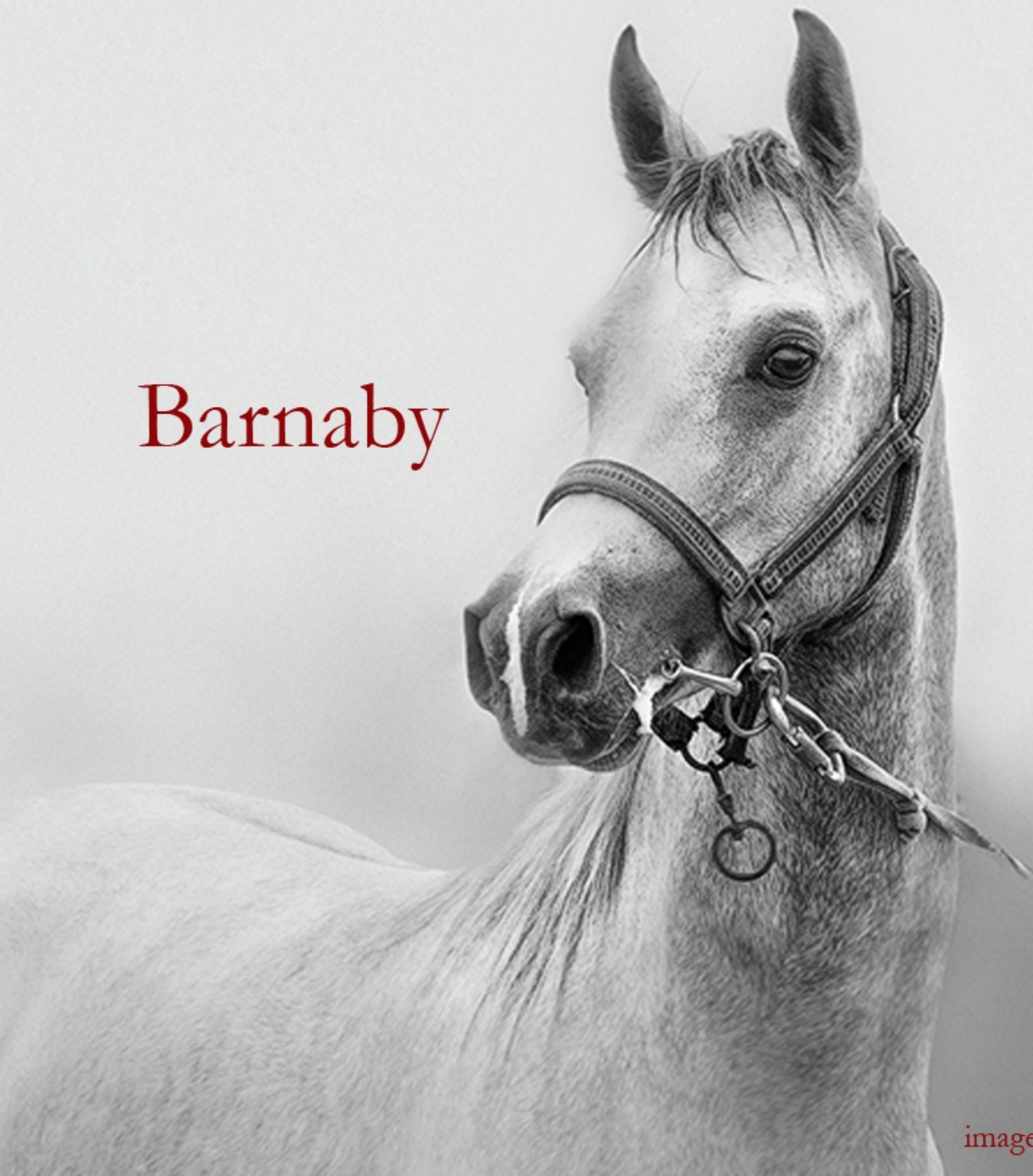
I could be happy with your eyes
There's no surrender, no surprise
Leave it to you to find some meaning in this pain
I could believe the world you see
We could be happy you and me
We'll be alright no matter what goes down the drain

You know it's almost through the looking glass
Where nothing's left and left is right and right is wrong
And if your check is good you get a pass
Cause it takes money to make money make your world
grow strong
And windmills come and windmills go
We fight the demons that we know
But the heavy monsters just rolled into town
When the big boys doubled down

I could be happy with your eyes
There's no surrender, no surprise
Leave it to you to find some meaning in this pain
I could believe the world you see
We could be happy you and me
We'll be alright no matter what goes down the drain

You could play at I Told You So
But people never see their history the same
You pay in spades for everything you didn't want to know
One man's religion soon becomes another's game
You can call it anything you please
And spin it to absurd degrees
But Don't pretend it's justice that you've found
When the big boys double down

Barnaby



Ivy opened her eyes. Had she died, again?

Cat Boccaccio

No. While it hurt to breathe, she could smell leaves and mud, and hear birds arguing in the distance, and what she saw, straight ahead of her, was a cloudless blue sky.

She heard a snort. It was her horse, Barnaby, probably nearby, contentedly feasting on shoots of fescue and wildflowers, instead of returning back to the ranch riderless, thus alerting Sable and Mr Clarence and Dean and all the others that there had been an accident, that there was an emergency.

And there had been an accident. Ivy felt like she was hanging upside down, and while she couldn't move, she could see that she lay on a steep slope, a rocky slope with persistent white flowers and creeping horsehairs that grew from every crevice and crack. She could move her right hand, and her fingers wrapped around a handful of gravel.

"Barnaby— shoo!" she cried, but her voice was ragged and raspy, and barely above a whisper. She heard him snort. He was a nice horse, a handsome horse— a glossy coat speckled with white, grey, and soft brown— and a good horse, but he wasn't hers. They hadn't bonded the way Dean had bonded with his working horse, or Clarence with his old mare, and even Sable and her lively stallion seemed to have a special connection.

She was Barnaby's temporary burden, and Barnaby was her temporary mount, or he would have sensed that she was in grave danger, and raced back to the ranch instead of hanging about, taking a break, snacking on sweet grass, enjoying the sunshine, with no one pulling at him this way and that way— someone inexperienced, green, and who pulled too hard or not hard enough, jostled on his back like a sack of rocks, and almost strangled him when they dismounted.

Barnaby didn't know she was injured, in trouble. For all he knew, she was taking a pleasant break in a rather harrowing ride, just as he was.

For she had ridden him hard, across the meadow and through the river, anxious to prove herself to Dean and Sable, because she wanted to enter the race. The race was all anyone talked about. Even Mrs Donovan's pregnant ladies, when Ivy accompanied her on her rounds, talked about the Nettle River Cross County Race.

If you were underage, as Ivy was, you needed a sponsor. Mr Clarence, Dean, the ranch manager, and Sable agreed she wasn't ready. She'd made good progress! She'd graduated from the corral to the trail quickly, and what she lacked in innate skill she made up for in determination.

Of course, neither Ivy nor Sable told Dean or anyone that she was learning to ride so she could go with the other Immortals on a grand, dangerous adventure. They were to join an army, Sable said, an army on horseback. They would travel across country, camp in tents, learn to protect themselves with swords and agility, defend the weak against the powerful. Sable said it was a lark for the ages. Sable said they would live on their horses, and Ivy needed to learn to ride, quickly and very well.

It was crazy that they wouldn't let Ivy race. She could handle Barnaby. Barnaby was fast, when she let him. She was smart enough to give him free rein across the wide spaces, and to let him pick his way through a narrow path on the side of a mountain, and to let him choose the safest route down a steep incline—but wait.

The long meadow ended just beside Peggy's Rock. They flew over the edge of the cliff, because that's what all the riders did. The drop looked steeper than it was, and the horses gained their footing quickly. The trick then was to lean back, keep the reins loose, and let the mount fly down the hill, then take control again at the bottom.

Ivy got scared. Yes, that's what happened. She knew the cliff was less fearsome than it appeared, but as she

and Barnaby approached, she was reminded of the cliffs at the plateau, the ones that surrounded the cave, and how the drop from those ledges was a drop into nothingness, to mist, to death.

So she pulled up on Barnaby. In a panic, she pulled on the rough leather reins with both hands as they cleared the ledge and, for a few seconds, they seemed to float. Barnaby was off balance though, and instead of landing cleanly he faltered, tripped forward, and there were several moments of sheer panic as the horse tried to regain balance, before Ivy was thrown.

Then the blackness, then the awakening to a sky.

Ivy felt a sudden stab of pain in the back of her neck, then her left shoulder blade. She realized her left eye was closed, and there was something wet on her cheek and neck.

She could just make out Barnaby from the corner of her eye. He was not bothered by the steepness, he relaxed his legs and lowered his elegant neck and pulled vegetation from between the rocks with his teeth. His tail swished. With all the strength she could muster, she lifted her right hand from the ground. It trembled, it resisted, but she heaved the handful of gravel as hard as she could at

Barnaby's rump.

“Go!” she tried to shout. “Shoo!”

The small rocks landed near Barnaby's hind hooves, and he lifted one as if in acknowledgement of a small distraction, then continued to feed on the grasses.

could, flung the stone with all her might.

The rock found its target. Barnaby felt an intense sting on his rump, kicked, and if suddenly snapped from an idyll, he shook his head and started scrambling up over the ledge, where he disappeared.



Ivy couldn't see her hand, so she opened it flat and groped and scratched blindly across the earth until her palm found a rock about the size of a ping pong ball. She gasped with a new pain as she raised her right forearm again, and taking as deep a breath as she

Where there had been no pain, a blanket of agony slowly began to cover Ivy with its heavy warmth, and she started to cry like a child.

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TERPSICORPS ARTWERKS



Why is “Virtual” a Dirty Word?



Myra Wildmist



If I say something is art, you might think of the Mona Lisa or the Sistine Chapel or the Impressionists, or some other iconic works of art. You know what art is, because your brain has all sorts of associations it can link to, and those associations have been validated as art by just about the entire planet. Not many people are going to argue that the Mona Lisa isn't art.

So you feel pretty confident you know what art is, don't you? Maybe it's hard for you to define, but you probably feel you can spot art when you see it.

One of the reasons people argue about what is and isn't art is because the word art typically conjures up those images of important works of art. As a result, there's a certain reverence associated with anything anointed as art.

Now, let's add virtual to the word art.

Meh. Not so great, is it? How can that virtual be real art?

Virtual art. It almost feels like an oxymoron.

Virtual art? That's not real art. How can it be? It's virtual. It only exists online. It's made up of bits and bytes. Ones and zeroes.

Yet, there are so many things that aren't "real" that we accept as art — fiction, movies, stage plays, etc. Virtual art is just as real as *Macbeth* or *Moby Dick* or *Citizen Kane*. Fiction primarily exists in your mind. A play certainly has no real permanence. And a movie exists only in two dimensions.



A work of fiction only exists on the written page and the world the author writes about is created in your mind. You can't get much farther from reality than that.

So the issue isn't about virtual versus real. The real issue is acceptance. Right now, society is still struggling with accepting virtual art as art.

This isn't uncommon. It takes a while for the world to catch up with new forms of art.



While photography is now widely accepted as an art form, when Fox Talbot first invented the camera, it wasn't considered art at all. Photography was dismissed as an art form for a variety of reasons. It was

mechanical. It excluded the human touch. And photographs certainly didn't look like what society considered art.

It would take decades before people like Alfred Stieglitz and others would help establish photography as art.

Here's what makes something art. Society. People have to agree something is art. The critics, the auction houses, the museums, the art galleries have to start showing virtual art.

Virtual art is slowly gaining that acceptance but, like photography, it could take decades before virtual stops being a dirty word.

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Pain

My body revolts winning attention;
My heart's compulsion flooding sentiments.
Oh! The physical pain's greatest lament
Is sedentary in my room's isolation.
The world I love, I crave to rest upon;
I love our planet's pathways, so content.
I love children's sounds, dusk shadows' ascent.
Yet there is a freedom in isolation
A freedom in great meditation, awareness;
Loneliness replaced with inward seeings,
Surreal realities without bitterness.
Lost in wholly independent healings.
Understanding my peace hosts a finesse
Unintended for our world's able weaklings.

Shyla the Super Gecko
(aka KriJon Resident in Second Life)

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CAT'S BEACH GALLERY

Second Life Photography
By Cat Boccaccio



SCREW YOU



By Nazaryn Mindes

Have you been drinking? I always hear
I haven't had a drink in over a year
Shame on me for being this way?
Shame on you is what I say...

Look with your heart, instead of your eyes
There is more to me than is visually surmised
Do you think I've always been this way?
So wobbly and slurry and full of dismay.
Ask me and Hell no, HELL NO is what I'll say.

There is so much more than what you see
A heart that loves and is full of glee
two hands that have held and clapped and prayed
two feet that have hiked and swam and played

I am a mother, a daughter, a lover, a friend
this doesn't define me, this isn't an end.
It's now, now that you'll see what I can truly do
Hey Ataxia! Guess what? Screw you!!

A L C

By C

Our misty presence blends
and swirls around each other,
capturing dust in the air, the
particles delightfully tickling
ethereal corporal ambiguity.
Ghost hands hold each other
with intimately braided fingers,
weaving through each other
with twisting limbs and bodies
woven together, drifting into
softened boundaries.
Our full contact dance,
moves us inside and outside
and through each other,
with the interactions of our
intermingled
currents.

Cellophane
tinted blue, v
corralling azure
majestic backdro
They're less than
illuminating a st
the medium of
transparent,
perfume scented
misting joyful se
that blend into e

Love Story

Consuela Hypatia Caldwell

waves in the wind,
western skies for
tops.
n opaque,
age of empty space,

d,
elves,
each other's flow.

We are the breath,
breathing
more life into each other
than we can ever live in a
thousand lifetimes.

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